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 JEWETT & PRESCOTT,
 NO. 2 MILK ST. Boston
 13

The Family Fireside.

FOR THE FATHERS' BROTHERHOOD.

SARAH KENNEDY AT HOME.

When Sarah's bell has rung the sound,

And the hours of day are past,

And the light dews in the morning's dew,

And shadows gather fast,

There is one spot, and one alone,

Round which we have gathered round,

And fondles memories, one by one,

Their choicest treasures bring.

This spot is home; in sacred walls

Admit no discord here,

Nor crowded mirth, nor festive hall,

Nor gayest haunts of men,

Know ye a joy and rest and peace,

None sweeter to them in years of age,

Than this old home, where fathers' feet

Still tread the paths of olden days,

And their hearts are still the same,

As when they first began to roam.

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holy standard. Example is not confined to the few, fleeting years of life. It survives the tomb, and its daily accompanying death has no power. We live again in those who come after us, and shape and mould their destiny. "As the mother, so is her daughter," was a proverbial saying, and applied it to the case before him. When the heart of the father is turned toward his child, that heart feels the gentle shock, and reacts with affecting tenderness on the parental bosom. There is no power like that, with which God has invested parents over their children. [Mother's Magazine.]

INDULGENCE OF CHILDREN.
Those are mistaken who imagine that indulgence is the way to make children happy, and that restraint will only tend to damp the volatile spirits of childhood, or destroy the natural energy of character incident to the youthful mind. No family, perhaps, is so truly and substantially happy as that in which the children are under mild and gentle discipline, accustomed to submit themselves to those who have the rule over them, to be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, and to live under the habitual recollection that God knows and observes their every action. [Nursery Digest.]

Agricultural Department.

FIFTEENTH MEETING IN THE CAPITAL.

In the absence of the President, one of the Vice Presidents took the chair, and in his stead, Mr. S. W. Cole, editor of the *N. E. Farmer*, presided. The subject was *Grain Crops*. Mr. S. W. Cole, editor of the *N. E. Farmer*, considered it of great importance to the farmer to secure the best kind of seed, and he presented a number of varieties of the corn which are best known, but which are as valuable for cultivation as the Parker, the Brown and the Dutton. He thought it very desirable that the varieties of this grain should be described and classified according to their quality and merit. The same remark applies also to the wheat, of which he obtained a very large number of varieties, the cross-breeders. He distributed the seed among his agricultural friends, and it succeeded well. He had some left at his office, which he offered to give to the Society. He recommended and urged the importance of this subject.

The way of transgressors is hard.

Boys! I want to tell you a true story. I went to jail the other day to visit a young man only twenty-four years of age, yet he has been sentenced to the N. Y. State Prison for ten years. Before three years of the last sentence had expired, he made his escape by sawing off an iron bar, but in a few months he was caught, and lodged in the jail where I saw him.

The way of transgressors is hard.

He is a very pale, and he will soon die, as he is a consumption. I asked him of his early life, and what he told me. That his father had been a farmer, and he was only eight years old, and he soon began to be devoted to his mother, and to care for nothing else. He kept company with bad boys, and soon commenced stealing—little articles at first, such as apples, peaches, &c., and then as he grew older, he broke into houses and stores, with others at midnight, and became a thief and robber.

The way of transgressors is hard.

Seeing a Bible reading between the iron bars of his window, I said to him, "You have found (24) July. What does it say about the way of transgressors is hard?"

The way of transgressors is hard.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I have just been reading it in the Bible." I asked if he had been to meeting often during the past eight or ten years?

The way of transgressors is hard.

"No, sir," said he, "I was afraid of God." I inquired if his bad associates endeavored to get God out of their minds.

The way of transgressors is hard.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "and I have tried to do it, but it would come back again to my mind." He seemed quite penitent, and as he knelt in that stone cell, and I raised up my hands in prayer for him, he was so much affected that he wept like a child.

The way of transgressors is hard.

His earnest wish was to return once more to his mother, and to live in his childhood's home. His life was fast ebbing away, and he needed friends to take care of him. But this wish was denied him. An officer was sent for him, and from that prison he was sent to the State Prison, nearly three hundred miles off. And there, in that gloomy cell, away from all his friends, and with no kind mother to tend him, he will die.

The way of transgressors is hard.

Boys! Always mind your mothers! Always read the Bible and remember what you read. Avoid the company of bad boys, whether at home or at school. Always remember the four short words in the Bible, "Thou, God, seeest me." Had that young man remembered them, and also that verse, "If sinners entice thee, consent them not," he would now probably have been a good and happy man. [Well Spring.]

The way of transgressors is hard.

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.
A youth seeking employment came to this city on an inquiring at a certain counting house, where he wished a clerk. He was told that the way of transgressors is hard. He had one of which was from a highly respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see him. In turning over his card bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor.

The way of transgressors is hard.

"What book is that?" said the merchant.

THE PURITAN RECORDER—THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1850.

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